Summer in Autumn
By Yu May

As she examined the thick switch she had cut with her father's knife, Carina Summers whistled sharply and felt the steam fog her glasses.

Carina just *knew* she was in for it.

The cool air chilled the damp sweat on her brow, and her fingers fumbled as she whittled away the excess twigs and knobs on the branch. She felt its heft press into the soft fabric of her fingerless gloves, and its texture scraped against her bare fingertips.

Yes, Pa would be just as pleased with this birch switch as he was displeased with her behavior.

At the moment, her warm brown skin was flushing red, her full lips were trembling, and her golden-brown eyes watering at the thought of what was to come. A loose strand of black, kinky hair fell from her winter cap as she wiped her eyes against her mahogany autumn coat.

Smoking at school! What had she been thinking?

Even if she had never been caught, her prickling conscience would have been punishment enough. Now, of course, she had the added dread of meeting Pa in the woodshed for a licking to think about.

Carina marched briskly away from the old birch tree at the center of the acreage behind the Summer Family Farm. After Ma and Pa had brought her to her new adopted home when she was 3-years-old, she'd quickly learned every inch of this wood. She knew all the best climbing trees when it was time for playing, but she also knew where to find the best sturdy limbs to cut a birch when it was time for learning. In Ma and Pa's Oklahoman dialect, "a learnin'" of course meant a good, hard spanking.

Sniffling a little, Carina barely caught herself as she stepped awkwardly on the uneven earth. Her cross necklace escaped from beneath her coat and dangled dangerously before she caught it, steadying herself.

"Idgit!" Carina silently cursed herself. You would think that since she had…well… *that* to look forward to, it would take her mind off of self-criticism. But in Carina's case, feeling sorry for herself, feeling sorry she got caught, and feeling genuinely sorry for what she

had done were not mutually exclusive sentiments. She both dreaded and wanted the whipping, just as she was both furious and thankful for getting caught red-handed.

Anything so Pa didn't have to try and hide the sadness in his eyes and disappointment in his voice as he stoically placed the knife in her hand, and sent her to cut her own switch.

She wiped her nose furiously on her sleeve before tucking the cross necklace under her shirt so she felt it press against her breast.

"Lord, why'd you have to go an' let me get caught?" she prayed.

She stomped furiously toward the woodshed, feeling the crunch of frosted dew beneath her boots, feeling the friction as her black wool leggings rubbed against each other with each step.

Somehow, she realized she became more conscious of that area of her body in the final moments before a spanking.

Years ago, Ma had once warned Carina that she should learn to appreciate the privilege of having a "not-spanked bottom." At that moment, Carina was convinced there needed to be a special name for what she was feeling now: the tingling sensation of an "about-to-be-spanked bottom."

Carina couldn't help but laugh at herself, the places where her mind wandered along with her feet. The woodshed loomed large ahead of her, sturdy, old, and venerable. "Repent, ye sinner!" it seemed to say, in a deep, rumbling voice.

She wanted the whipping to be over with, and wanted it to never come. At the same time, she just wanted her just desserts.

Carina circled a finger nervously against the front of her coat, feeling the impression left by the cross necklace underneath. "Please, let it hurt, Lord. Let it hurt so bad, I finally learn, and never hurt 'em again!"

As Carina placed her hand on the icy door handle, she remembered the heat of the cigarette pressed against her lips, the sickening smell of the smoke. Chloe Kim and Chelsea Del Rey had been convinced that no teacher would ever bother checking on them in the old journalism club room.

“Just try it!” Chelsea had cooed.

“We’re not going to get caught!” Chloe had chuckled.

Knowing that it was a sin, and praying for forgiveness even as she did it, Carina had bit down on that damned cigarette and inhaled, gagging as stinging tears filled her eyes. It was as though God was playing a practical joke on her. No sooner had she started hacking, the moment she had time to think, “Pa oughta’ tan my hide for this!” when the door opened to reveal the Principal of John Knox Presbyterian himself, leading a tour of parents of prospective students.

From that point on, everything was a sort of haze for Carina. “Pa will tan my hide for this!” played on a loop at the back of her mind.

Lectures, sitting in the principal’s office, the promise of detention, calls to mother, more lectures, the drive home, “Wait ‘til your father hears about this! I hope he wears you out!” Carina remembered apologizing to Ma, and Ma pausing the lecturing. “Well, let’s let your father have his say.”

That was one of the nice things about Ma. She’d tell you off, but once you apologized sincerely, she’d curb the lecturing and wait for Pa to lay down the sentence. It wasn’t always a spanking. But Ma knew as well as Carina what was in store for her this time.

With a peaceful sigh, Carina turned the door knob and entered the woodshed.

Pa was waiting for her, whittling a switch of his own. Carina gulped. Not a good sign.

A white man in his 50s, Pa was starting to turn gray at the temples, but he still had the same strength Carina remembered when he first carried her home at age three. Coincidentally, Carina shared the same name as Grandma. This “little act of God” had been what first caught their attention at the orphanage. Once Carina met Ma and Pa, the fact that she was black and they were white almost never occurred to any of them. She became as much a part of the family as her brother and sisters.

As Carina closed the door behind her, she felt the objects hanging on the inside of the door rattle ominously. A thick oak paddle, a razor strap, and an antique, rattan cane hung from hooks on the inside of the woodshed. On two separate occasions, Carina had felt the paddle and the strap before. She had never felt the cane, although it literally had her name on it. It had been handed down to Pa from Grandma Carina. That little

detail had never escaped little Carina's attention, but apparently Pa deemed the cane too serious a punishment for ordinary misbehavior.

Pa nodded, and continued whittling the switch. "Hello, Carina."

"Hello, Pa."

Pa made a final examination of his switch, and deposited it into a nearby jar, salt water, Carina knew, to keep the switch supple and strong. With a silent gesture, Pa beckoned Carina to give him the switch she had cut for herself. Looking it over, Pa nodded approval. "Excellent work, Carina. This will serve."

Pa slipped the switch into the jar to join the rest. With six rambunctious siblings, and a house rule that you were never too old for a spanking from Ma and Pa, the Summer family always managed to keep a steady supply of switches at the ready.

"You know, Carina, I'm disappointed in your choices today. Smoking with your friends is not acceptable behavior."

Carina looked down at her feet, feeling a mixture of shame and frustration, her voice trembling. "I know, Dad, but I didn't want to be left out. Chloe and Chelsie said…" She trailed off, knowing her excuses were flimsy.

Her father sighed. "Carina, you know that just because others are doing something doesn't make it right. We've raised you to be better than that."

Carina pouted. "I'm sorry, Pa," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I won't do it again."

Her father put a comforting hand on her shoulder. "I know you're sorry, honey, but there's still a price to be paid. You've got to learn from your mistakes. This spanking will be a learnin' experience for ya."

Carina nodded, fighting back her tears. She knew that she deserved the punishment, but she couldn't help but feel sorry for herself, and wished that she could somehow talk her way out of it.

She tensed her shoulders, her eyes already stinging. "It was just one puff! An' I felt terrible the second I did it!"

She swallowed, wondering if she had just dug her grave deeper, but Pa looked at her with tender patience. “You say you felt terrible. So, you knew it was wrong when you did it?”

“Crud!” Carina fumed as she studied her boots. Pa was a master at the art of cross-examination.

“Yes…sir!” she added.

Carina noticed she was fidgeting her toes, and imagined what she must look like in Pa’s eyes: a helpless, guilty-faced little girl trying to pretend that her hand wasn’t actually in the cookie jar.

Deep down, Carina knew that nothing she could say would change the outcome. Furtively, she tried to look back up into Pa’s eyes.

He met her gaze sternly, but without a hint of anger. “And you knew you would get a spanking if you got caught, correct?”

“Yes, sir. I don’t want to make excuses, I just wanted you to know… I was…hoping I got caught…I’m ready for my spanking, Pa.”

Pa nodded, seated himself on his wooden workbench, and patted his left leg. “Then we’ll start with a warm-up spanking. Bare your bottom and get across my knee.”

Carina felt her bottom cheeks clench. A “warm-up spanking” meant this was only the beginning. Baring her bottom right away meant Pa was dead serious.

With a heavy heart, Carina tucked her thumbs into her black winter leggings. As they glided below her hips, Carina was acutely aware of the cool air against her plump, black buttocks, now free of the tight embrace of the leggings. Pa looked away politely, a gesture Carina always found comforting despite how ultimately pointless it would be.

Carina tucked an index finger into the elastic band of her simple, yellow panties from Old Navy, decorated with a cheerful image of the sun wearing sunglasses. These were her last meager line of defense. Hesitating, she felt the band snap against her hip, but one cough from Pa was enough to remind her that there was no point delaying the inevitable.

Grateful that her winter coat at least covered her front, Carina yanked down her sunny undergarments, and waddled forward to lay herself across Pa's left thigh, her upper torso supported by the flat, oak bench, her legs dangling helplessly to the floor. Realizing her coat was covering her bottom, Carina helpfully lifted her coat tail with a graceful motion as she settled into position.

She felt Pa adjust his weight underneath her, tucking his right leg across her lower thighs to pin her lower half in place, and wrapping his left arm around her waist to pin her upper half in place.

She felt as safe as could be. She knew there was no escape.

The first resounding clap landed against her unprotected bottom with such strength, Carina experienced time in slow motion as the force rippled through both of her butt cheeks. Carina's "child-bearing hips" were famous amongst the boys at John Knox Presbyterian, despite her best efforts to dress modestly.

But Pa's hands were the massive, rough hands of a farmer from the old country.

If Ma ever wanted to carry out a threat to spank Carina "red and sore," she'd have to work for it with her dainty hands. It was simple math. Carina's bottom had more protective padding, and more surface area to cover than any of her siblings. But Pa never had the same problem.

As the impact of the first spank from that hand impressed itself upon Carina's bottom, a mental image impressed itself with equal force upon her mind. In her imagination, Carina always felt like a toddler under the wrath of Pa's huge, Grizzly-bear paws.

As Pa spanked at his slow steady pace, Carina whimpered and resisted the urge to squirm. She could actually *feel* the callouses on Pa's hands, the same callouses she felt when she held his hands to dance with him, or when she pretended to be a kitty-cat and he cupped her face playfully as she purred. She felt the same love in those hands now.

Thwack!

An especially well aimed spank landed on her right sit-spot. The cold air tingled against her skin, contrasting with the sensation of the warm-up spanking, literally warming her up. She thought about how much worse it would be with the switch, just as another spank landed on her left sit spot.

Carina had been near tears before the spanking even began. Now, two tears flowed freely down each of her cheeks, but despite a few yelps and squeaks, Carina avoided whining and bawling. Uselessly, she kicked her feet a little, her upper legs still locked tightly in place in a scissor hold.

There was no extra punishment for trying to tough out a spanking. No reward for crocodile tears and begging.

Nevertheless, a spanking always ended in tears. Carina knew she'd break down bawling like a baby sooner or later, but she wanted to show Pa she could accept her "learnin'" with some dignity.

After another 30 spanks, Carina's entire bottom felt lightly toasted, almost comfortably warm.

Finally, her father patted her backside encouragingly, signaling her to stand up.

"Good job, Carina. That's enough for the warm-up. Up ya get!"

"Yes, sir."

Carina felt her coat slap lightly against her behind as she lifted herself off Pa's lap.

"Go ahead and take off your coat. It'll just get in the way. Then place your hands on the bench and assume the position for your switching."

Carina obeyed, setting her mahogany coat neatly against the wall, leaving her with only a blue-grey v-neck shirt up top, and her yellow panties and black leggings dangling dangerously above her boots below. As she pressed her hands against the workbench, stretching her knees and elbows to wake up her muscles, she risked sneaking a peek behind her out of the corner of her eye. Immediately, she regretted it as she saw him deftly retrieve a switch and swish it through the air to warm up his arm. And as she glanced to the exit, the paddle, strap, and grandma's cane all swayed menacingly on the door, like silent guardians. As if to say, "There's no way out without getting past us!"

All this for a stupid cigarette! They were probably less than half-way through this ordeal, and already she knew it wasn't worth it.

Carina felt a fresh pang of guilt for what she had done, and sorrow for what was about to happen to her poor bottom.

How long had it been since she'd felt the paddle and the strap?

One of her curls escaped from her winter cap again, and Carina silently tucked it back into place, biting her lip. "*Stay in place, dangit! I want to keep some composure!*"

Carina remembered her first time feeling the paddle. She had just turned 10-years-old, and was making a fuss with Ma about still having to be spanked, on her bare bottom no less. When Carina willfully ignored her warning to lie still, Ma paused the hairbrush spanking and hauled Carina out to the woodshed to introduce her to the terrible paddle. By the time the paddling was over, Carina had forever learned to obediently bare her bottom without delay or defiance when ordered. Two important lessons were learned that day: "You are *never* too old for a spanking," and "Disobedience during a spanking equals *another* spanking."

Suddenly, Carina's whole body tensed as she felt the supple switch tap gently against the puppy-fat of her behind. All thoughts of the paddle and the strap driven from her mind, Carina fixed her eyes forward on the wood-framed picture hanging in front of her, too frightened of the immediate threat of the birch to chance a look back. The wooden frame held an elegant watercolor painting of children surrounding Jesus, painted by Grandma Carina.

Thwick!

Carina's whole body rocked forward, not from the impact of the lash itself, but from the knife-like sensation of it cutting across both cheeks, followed by a second reverberating wave of pain washing over her.

She gasped, and with a desperate effort, straightened her arms and legs, remembering the hope to hold position and try to look like a "big girl" in Pa's eyes.

Whenever she found herself in this position, Carina fixed her eyes on the painting of Christ, imagining herself as the bright-eyed black girl seated on his lap. "*Red and yellow, black and white, they are precious in his sight!*"

Thwack!

As the second stroke landed, Carina managed to hold herself firmly this time, fixing her eyes and mind on what lay before her.

Beneath Grandma's painting, a series of wide, short wooden panels had been hung, each engraved elegantly with verses from Proverbs. Carina read silently to herself. "Proverbs 1:7. The fear of the LORD is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction."

Whip!

Carina pursed her lips, her eyes wide as the tangle of hair again fell free and smacked against the front of her thick glasses covering her right eye. She blew at it futilely, not daring to lift a hand to brush it back into place.

Crack!

Thanks to the distraction from the hair, the fourth lash caught her off guard. She thrust her head down towards her chest, feeling her cross necklace tighten against her as she sucked in air. Almost teasingly, the strand of hair succumbed to gravity and slapped against the front of her glasses again, this time obscuring her left eye.

She didn't trust herself not to collapse if she didn't keep her weight balanced with both hands firmly in place. She imagined the absurd picture she'd make, stumbling over the bench to smack her face against the wooden floor like a silly Saturday morning cartoon character, complete with comedic sound effects, before having to pick her goofy, bare-bottomed self back up and re-assume the position.

Carina shook her head to dispel the thought, the errant hair waggling in front of her. Her eyes glanced furtively to the side once, wondering if the fifth stroke was coming, before she concentrated her mind on the carved wooden Bible verses again.

"Proverbs 13:24. He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

Carina thought about the phrase as she braced herself. "*The rod. I'm about to feel that… now!"*

A moment passed. She felt nothing.

Carina would have laughed if she could have seen the look on her face. "*Odd?*" She blinked twice and looked behind her, wondering if Pa was letting her off after only four strokes?

Carina caught sight of a furious blur, precisely as the fifth stroke landed home, catching her unawares.

WHACK!

With a squeal of surprise, her left hand flew to her bottom, the creamy color of her palm facing outward, her wrist angled delicately as if to wordlessly say, “Please, Papa, no spank!”

In answer, Pa tapped the switch firmly against Carina’s exposed palm. “Hands down, young lady. That’s your one warning.”

Carina’s hand flew away from her bottom. “Yes, sir!”

“Take a moment to compose yourself. Catch your breath, and concentrate your mind upon repentance. But if you cover your bottom again, I’m starting over from the beginning, with *another* warm-up spanking!”

Knowing this was no idle threat, she nodded, and drew a trembling breath. “Yes, Pa… Thank you, sir!”

A second tangle of hair fell free from her cap again, and rather than tuck it back in place, Carina gave up and took off her cap with a huff, letting her thick curls tumble freely.

She flexed her knees and elbows, remembering to keep them loose. “Don’t keep your legs so stiff, or the blood won’t flow and you’ll keel over,” Ma had once informed her while Carina was in this exact predicament.

The tell-tale “Tap, tap, tap!” of the switch alerted her that her respite was coming to an end.

As Carina glanced back, she saw Pa nod. “Are you ready to hold still, Carina?”

Behind him, the paddle, the strap, and the cane still loomed, hanging like condemned men. Carina felt her cheeks clench, and unclench at the thought that she was probably not even halfway through her ordeal.

“Yes, sir, I’m ready…Thanks, again.”

Pa smiled as he raised the switch. “You’re welcome.”

When the sixth stinging stroke landed, Carina found she was prepared. Not relaxed, but at least she was ready. Pa fell into a steady rhythm, giving her time to read the Proverbs and focus between each lash, gradually increasing the tempo.

In fact, Carina found she was *too* prepared. As she found her rhythm, the pain of the individual strokes began to blend together, and her wild imaginings began to play out. In the past, she’d gotten either the paddle or the strap as an additional punishment when a switching alone wasn’t deemed sufficient. What if this time she got both? Or the cane? Or all three?

After her first experience with the paddle, Carina managed to avoid a trip to the woodshed until she was twelve, that time with Pa. Carina recollected with shame how she had been sent home from John Knox Presbyterian with a red note. She and Chloe had been caught bullying Chelsea to tears, on account of her acne.

That evening, Pa had a long talk with Carina about how he wouldn’t have a bully for a daughter, followed by an equally long switching, and an even longer thrashing with the razor strap.

Although the fact that she was adopted had never been a mystery, that strapping was the first time Carina truly felt what it meant to be adopted: to not be his true daughter. She felt Pa’s disappointment in her with every stroke, until she was welcoming them. She hoped that if Pa just spanked her enough, he would feel sorry for her and let her be his daughter again. After it was finally over, she’d confessed all these fears and worries with heaving sobs as she cried into his shoulder. She would never forget what he said that day. “You will always be my true daughter. Even when you sin, you’re still my precious pearl.”

Ironically, when a well-spanked and thoroughly-chastened Chloe and Carina were brought to Chelsea’s house to apologize, they all became best friends forever. In fact, the smoking incident had all been Chelsea’s idea!

That had been four years ago. Apart from the occasional trip over Ma or Pa’s knee for minor misbehavior, 16-year-old Carina had started to hope her last trip to the woodshed was behind her. Now she felt that crushing sense of guilt return: that she was nothing but trouble for these good people who had taken her in.

SWISH-SNAP!

The switch snapped across Carina's pear-shaped hips. By now, eleven neat welts decorated her round bottom, and the twelfth slowly rose at the precise point of the final impact.

As the punishment paused, Carina became suddenly aware of her new collection of marks, a smarting sensation dancing across each.

As she considered the welts, the long hours of stinging ahead of her, how the paddle, or the strap, or the cane, or all three would press against them with each impact, how familiar they would become to her each time she sat down for the next day, she found she welcomed them.

Finally, she was getting her just desserts. "I'm a bad girl," she thought. As the tears flowed freely down her cheeks, she wondered what she must look like in Pa's eyes. She was sure he felt ashamed of her, shame to match her own shame. She wanted to cry out her sorrow and repentance, and choked on her tears.

Then, she heard Pa's voice crack behind her. "You will always be my true daughter."

Wondering if her memory was playing tricks on her, Carina twisted to look behind her, her tear-stained face a picture of befuddlement, her bare bottom still poking out in perfect spanking position.

Pa looked her in the eye, sympathetically. "Even when you sin, you're still my precious pearl."

Carina felt her heart jump. She wanted to rush to him and bury her face in Pa's chest, to be his sweet little girl forever. But she decided to stay in position. She didn't think Pa would punish her for defiance, but that part of her that wanted to be brave *needed* to stay in position. She knew she would always be his little girl, but at the moment she wanted to show him she was not *just* a little girl.

"I love you, Pa!" she answered, feeling the fresh tears tingle against her cheeks in the cold air. Blushing madly at the thought of her tears, and her exposed backside, she adjusted her glasses on her nose and turned to face the wall with a sniffle.

As she felt Pa tap the second switch experimentally against her behind, Carina felt her tongue move on its own accord. "Are you going to use Grandma's cane?" she blurted out.

Perfectly perplexed, Pa paused. “Well, Carina, your Ma and I are seriously concerned about this business with you smoking at school. I’ve used the cane on your older sisters before for similar misbehavior.” Carina nodded. A trip to the woodshed was considered a private affair between parent and child. But Carina was pretty sure that years ago, her oldest sister Casilda had once earned the cane for playing Peeping Tom on one of Carina’s spankings. And rebellious, 19-year-old Columba hadn’t been sitting comfortably for a week after Ma had found a shot of alcohol hidden in Columba’s purse.

With the switch resting in place against Carina’s trembling derriere, she uttered the words that she knew would seal her fate. “I think I deserve it for this, Pa…In addition to the switching.”

“You might not think that way *after* your switching. You should know your mother asked me to spank you herself after I was finished with you, and I’m inclined to let her.”

“You mean…a bedtime spanking?” Ma tended to provide reinforcement after any Summer child earned a trip to the woodshed. Getting spanked at bedtime meant that all her siblings, Casilda, Columba, Chris, Connie, and Callie, would know full well what was happening to Carina next door. Just because a spanking was conducted in private, that didn’t mean it was secret.

“Yes, Carina. Every night for a week was her suggestion. What do you have to say to that?”

Carina’s fear that she was biting off more than she could chew was finally starting to overcome her bravado. “That’s…that’s a lot of spanking!”

“I agree, Carina. But Connie and Callie look up to you. They should know what to expect if they ever follow your example of smoking cigarettes.”

Carina quailed, not at the thought of the spanking, but at the thought of leading Connie and Callie into temptation. *Better to have a millstone tied around your neck…*

Still standing resolutely in spanking position, Carina steeled her nerves and opened her mouth. “I…I’ll accept whatever punishment you and Ma decide to give me.”

Pa nodded, and finally cracked a smile. “Very good, Carina. In that case, you should know that I had originally planned to finish your switching with six strokes with the birch,

followed by six strokes with the paddle, followed by six strokes with the strap, followed by *nine* strokes with the cane."

Carina's hairs stood on end as she mentally added the strokes. At the back of her mind, a nerdy voice thought, *"Oh, that's 39 lashes!"* She'd learned in Bible class that in Deuteronomy, 40 stripes with a lash of leather tongs was the maximum number permitted for the punishment of a criminal. Almost cheerfully, Carina considered the implications in her nerdy inner-monologue. *"Man, Pa must have thought this all out! I'm in deep trouble!"*

A twinge of pain from her bottom brought her suddenly back to the reality of her situation. Shaking her head to clear her absurd thoughts, she looked up at Pa urgently, wondering what condition her bottom would be in once she had fully paid her debt to society.

"Uh…all that, *in addition* to the warm-up spanking…*and* a bedtime spanking every night for a week?" Carina found herself cracking up as she said it. It would be hilarious if it wasn't her ass on the line.

Pa pretended to look sternly at her, then slapped her bottom almost encouragingly with his hand. With a little "Yip!" Carina hopped in place once like a bunny, and at the sound of Pa's chuckle, actually started to giggle herself.

At the sound of Carina's little titter of laughter, Pa cracked up, which in turn caused Carina to guffaw until she snorted. Father and daughter each laughed harder at the other's laughter, until both were in stitches.

As Carina looked back at her Pa, she suddenly found herself unafraid of whatever doom was about to be pronounced on her. She knew he would be fair with her.

Pa rolled the switch deftly between his fingers, resting his chin against his hand contemplatively. "Yes, now that I hear it said out loud, that does sound a bit too harsh. I said I was *considering* giving you a bedtime spanking every night for a week. I hadn't decided. I was also considering sparing you the cane if you didn't struggle or talk back during your spanking. And I must say, you've been a model of obedience, apart from briefly putting your hands out of place."

Carina kept a respectful silence, thinking about that little slip as she waited for the final judgment.

Meeting her father's eye, she saw him nod. As he made his decision, Pa gripped the switch tightly. "However, at the very least, you deserve a bedtime spanking tonight for upsetting your mother. You know how she feels about alcohol and tobacco in the house. After we finish your trip to the woodshed, I expect you to march straight home and apologize to her. *And* politely ask her to give you a spanking if she thinks you deserve it."

Carina nodded. "Yes sir, I will!"

With a flourish, Pa tapped the switch against Carina's buttocks again, indicating that their little daddy-daughter bonding time was coming to an end. It was time for the "learnin'" to resume. Carina smartened herself up.

"Carina, today I'm going to give you six more strokes with the switch, and nine strokes with your Grandma's cane. If you take it well, and don't struggle, I will spare you the paddle and the strap...this time."

"Thank you, Pa."

"Don't thank me yet. Consider this trip to the woodshed a warning. If I ever catch so much as a whiff of smoke on you, you will get the full Biblical forty lashes, minus one. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir. Don't you worry. I won't let you down."

"I believe you. Well, let's finish this lil' learnin' experience."

Carina took a deep breath and tried her best to stay in place, her body trembling with the effort. The final six strokes from the birch landed slowly without Carina so much as twitching a finger out of place.

That didn't mean they hurt any less. On the contrary, each one landed perfectly across both cheeks, Pa switching sides to cover her horizontal welts with crisscrossing diagonal lines. Carina imagined herself pressing the full weight of her soft, doughy butt cheeks against a hot waffle iron, and was sure it wouldn't feel so different from the neat pattern of burning, smarting welts.

Finally, after the last stroke of the switch, her father set it down and told her to sit on the wooden bench.

Carina hesitated, her bottom throbbing and her legs weak from the ordeal. But she knew she had to obey. And so, pulling her shirt down modestly over her front, she gingerly lowered herself onto the bench, wincing as her tender skin made contact with the hard surface.

“Go ahead and take off your boots and leggings. You won’t want to have them catching your legs for this.”

Wondering what this could mean, Carina adjusted her cowboy boots. One sock pulled off her right foot along with the boot, leaving one foot bare and one in its sock, but she ignored it. To her dismay, she saw her leggings had dropped all the way to her ankles, and she worried she had stretched out the elastic of her panties. As they came off, she stretched them in her hands experimentally and was reassured to find the elastic was still good. The image of Mr. Sunshine imprinted on the underpants looked back at her cooly, his sunglasses still jauntily held in place. As she neatly folded her effects and lay them aside, the coolness of the room freshly impressed itself on her bottom, now completely unprotected by the warmth of the sunny yellow underpants.

At the sound of a clatter, she looked up to see Pa fetch the cane from the hook on the door, and hold it up for her to examine.

“You remember the paddle, don’t you? How the weight of it rocks you forward, so you have to catch yourself to stay in position? Well, a caning is something like a cross between a paddling and a switching. You’ll have to concentrate on relaxing your body. ‘Roll with the punches.’ However, it also leaves welts like a switch, but thicker, and deeper. If you clench your buttocks, it’s more likely to bruise.”

Carina felt a thrill travel through her bare behind, pressed firmly against the scratchy wood. Ma and Pa were strict about spankings, but she’d never had cuts or bruises from one before. Pa seemed to sense her tension.

“Don’t worry, I’ve had practice on two of your older sisters, and your older brother. The point of this is to teach you, not torture you. But it’ll go easier for you if you relax. Learning how to take a caning properly makes for excellent life experience!”

At the sight of the rattan, which she guessed was nearly a half an inch thick in diameter, Carina wasn’t feeling reassured.

“You’ve had a chance to sit and rest your legs. Take a moment to stretch, and get back into position…You’ll want a lower center of gravity. Spread your legs and rest your weight on your elbows and forearms. Good!”

As she felt Pa tap the inside of her thighs gently with the cane, Carina blushed furiously and spread her feet apart. She knew Pa made a point to politely look away during the preparatory ritual. She knew that both Pa and Ma had wiped her bottom as a toddler, and bared it countless times before when it was time for a learnin’ experience. But in the moment, it was never easy to be so…bare.

For art class, she’d once read an essay on nudity vs. nakedness. She recalled vaguely that to be nude was to be posed like an object of desire, a fleshy nymph in a Flemish painting. On the other hand, to be naked was to be exposed, vulnerable, like Eve being chased from the Garden of Eden clutching her breasts in despair.

Carina wondered which she was at the moment. Nude, or naked? With her wide, perky bottom poking in the air, she was certainly *posed* like a chubby girl in a painting by Rubens, but she rejected the thought. Chloe and Chelsea had once asked her teasingly if she ever wanted to be spanked by one of the cute boys at school, like Paul Diangelo from Chess Club for instance, and Carina personally couldn’t see why anyone would find the prospect of a spanking fun or enjoyable. She was scared to even mention the idea in the presence of Ma or Pa.

No, this was more like being naked. Like Eve, she was under judgment for her sin. But if that was the case, why did she feel so calm? Carina remembered how, in the Bible, God had not simply cast Adam and Eve from the Garden naked and afraid, like in some of the paintings she’d seen. He’d provided them with animal furs for clothing. Justice, but seasoned with mercy.

That, Carina realized, was how she felt. Neither nude, nor naked, but “uncovered.” Laid bare before her father’s love and authority. Yet also “covered” by his love and reassurance. She would have to face his justice. She would have to trust to his mercy.

Pa glided the cane across her behind to “wake her up,” lifting her cheeks up slightly. She felt the peach fuzz on her bottom stand on end, and her shaved legs were in a cold sweat. The chill spread down her calves, all the way to her toes. She suddenly wished she’d remembered to put her missing sock back on her bare right foot.

She heard the genuine concern in Pa’s voice. “Are you ready, Carina?”

“Ready, Pa,” she lied.

Carina sensed the movement in the air behind her before the cane landed. Pa wasn’t just boasting about his years of practice: the swing of his arm applied controlled force, and a flick of his wrist added extra sting.

Carina gasped, as the welts from the switching screamed in protest. Her eyes closed, her world reduced to dancing, starry lights. She had just enough time to reflect that the sting wasn’t quite as bad as the switch, before the sensation of a dull ache pushed to the front of her mind. It was twice the width of any mark left by a switch, and it was deep in her glutes.

Instinctively, she clenched her cheeks tightly. Unfortunately, Pa couldn’t check the swing in time, and Carina discovered what he had meant earlier.

She actually *felt* the cane sink into the tight muscles of her gluteus maximus with a thud, so that when the second wave of pain followed, it didn’t quite register. Her sharp yelp was followed by a trailing moan of slow surprise. “Yow! …Oooh-oowww!!”

Pa paused, concerned, but was glad to see he hadn’t broken skin. He didn’t bother to scold nor say, “I told you so.” He had lectured Carina enough, and he knew she wanted to get her punishment over with, almost as much as he did.

“*This hurts me more than it hurts you,*” might be a lie that many a parent has told their child, but Pa had never said it once, because in case, it was all too true. It didn’t need to be said.

He watched as Carina clenched, then unclenched her bottom reflexively, remembering all the times he’d seen this same sight when she was bent over his knee for a hand spanking. He suddenly wished he’d warned her long ago that clenching was a double-edged sword. As it was, he mercifully timed his stroke, waiting until the precise moment she unclenched her cheeks to land the third cane stroke.

From Carina’s perspective, the blow landed just as she remembered not to clench, just as she began to mentally prepare for it. She caught herself as she rocked forward. Half the torment was not knowing when the next stroke would land!

She stood her ground admirably, and after the fourth stroke, dared to hope she could endure her caning without being reduced to mewling and bawling.

However, at the fifth stroke, that hope died. It landed just below her bottom, leaving a fresh, shiny new stripe across her upper thighs. Carina rocked gracefully forward as the force of the cane traveled through her, and as she settled her weight back down on her feet, the cumulative pain of the spanking finally caught up with her. She lowered her head to the bench and felt the tears return with greater force. She coughed and sobbed, and, only wanting to get her poor bottom as far away from the cane as possible, she sank to the floor.

Pa paused, disappointed, but understanding. “Carina, we’re almost done. Get back into position.”

Shaking her head madly, Carina wailed into the bench, cupping her cheeks with both hands.

She felt two supportive hands at each side of her waist, gently guiding her up. “You can do it, Buttercup. Take a deep breath and…”

“No!” Carina spat as she sat her bottom back down with force, digging her fingers into the tender flesh to distract herself from the dull ache.

Pa’s hands lifted her on either side of her waist again, but this time with firm insistence. As easily as when she was three-years-old, Pa lifted her up and onto his left knee. She scrambled stupidly as her hands were easily guided away from her butt, her legs dangling uselessly on either side of Pa’s knee, which supported her lower weight. She felt her breasts pressing into the firm wood of the bench, and Pa’s left hand wrapping her waist tightly under his left forearm, before he began to spank her in earnest with his free right hand.

At this sudden return to basics, Carina howled with fresh defiance, mentally returning to her terrible twos. “Wah? What are you doing? Ow! Owwie!”

Pa continued to spank his protesting daughter to the steady beat of a drum, before slowing down the pace to make sure she heard him loud and clear. “I’m giving you your warm-up spanking, of course!”

“Wuh? Warm-up spankin’? Buh-but…Ouch! No, Pa! Please! YEEOW!!!”

“No ‘buts.’ I warned you, twice, to obey. You know the rules of this house. Dishonesty, disrespect, and deliberate disobedience all equal a spanking!” After landing three brisk

spanks in a row, Pa paused, his massive right hand hanging menacingly in the air above its target. Carina froze under the sight of it.

“What is the punishment for showing defiance during a spanking, Carina?”

Carina’s mind raced with snappy one-liners, excuses, arguments, curse words, and pleas. She knew the answer, but now that the devil had been spanked out of her, the reality of her situation came crashing down on her.

Surely… Surely! Pa wouldn’t start her spanking all the way over from the beginning, would he?

Her lip trembling, Carina realized that she had failed. All her efforts to hold fast and be strong had broken down. She was the same naughty little girl as always. She thought, but didn’t say, “I didn’t mean to! It was an accident! I was just so scared!”

Instead, she looked her Pa in the eye, and told the truth. “Ah…Another spanking, Pa.”

“That’s right, *another* spanking.” Pa clapped each of Carina’s cheeks warningly, before beginning to spank at a slow, steady pace, just enough so that Carina was focused on every word he said as he punctuated his words with spanks for emphasis.

“After *this*!”

Spank!

“You still have four strokes of the cane to go.”

Spank! Spank!

“I will *not* start over from the beginning.”

Pa landed a quick smack on the word “not,” and punctuated the sentence with three more in quick staccato: *Spank, spank, spank!*

“I don’t like having to spank you, Carina.”

SPANKY! Spankity, spank, SPANK!

“But I *will* spank you, Carina, until you learn self-control.”

With that, he landed a resounding final clap square on the center of his target, covering a sizable area of both cheeks: *SPANKO!*

Carina was weeping quietly, but resisted the urge to melt down. She found herself mumbling a pathetic plea of, “I’m sowwy!” followed by a pitiful promise of, “Aw’ be a good girl!”

She rested on her father’s thigh, fully resigned to her fate. Had he declared that her warm-up spanking would go on for another hour, before starting her switching over again from the beginning, she knew there was nothing she could do but accept her doom.

Pa examined his work. Carina’s normally chocolate-colored buttocks had flushed to an even shade of rich, rusty red, contrasting sharply with the light, glistening marks from the switching and caning. Now that she was done with her temper tantrum, Pa wanted this over as quickly as possible, but he knew he had to follow through on his promise. “You still have five strokes from the cane to go, and then we’re done. Are you ready?”

“…Yes, Pa. I’ll obey!”

“Good.” Pa’s mind raced. He knew it would be impossible for Carina to stay in position like before, so he decided he’d have to grant her a little mercy. “Rest your head and arms on the bench, and your knees on the ground. It should be easier for you to stay in position this time…Good! Now, lift your bottom.”

It was almost a mirror image of her earlier defiance, but in reverse. After burying her face in her arms on the bench, she seated her aching bottom against the ground, only to have to lift it with a jolt, hovering over the frigid wooden floor of the wood shed. Finally, at Pa’s order, Carina gracefully lifted her hips to the heavens, presenting the target with perfect obedience. “…M’ready…” she mumbled meekly.

Pa didn’t waste time with warning taps and lectures. He landed the final four strokes slowly and precisely. Carina hissed, wailed, caterwauled, and finally moaned at each in turn, before settling back down to unrelenting sobs, with her hands clasped together as if in prayer.

Seeing that she was inconsolable, Pa gently placed her coat, leggings, and panties on the bench beside her head, before turning to hang Grandma's cane back into place.

At the sound of the implement clacking against the door, Carina climbed back up onto the bench. “How do you want me positioned, Pa?”

“Hmm?” Confused, the old farmer turned to find his adopted daughter lifting herself onto the bench to present her bottom again.

She sniffled, but didn’t turn to look at him. “Fuh…for my paddling? You said if I didn’t take my caning well…I’d get the paddle…and then the razor strap!”

“Carina, you are cooked. You’ve learned your lesson. Spanking is over.”

“But…but you said?”

Pa looked back to examine the paddle and razor strap, finally recalling his earlier threat. He reached out for the paddle, considering it. “I believe I said I would spare you the paddle and the strap if you took your caning well. You left your position once, but I already spanked you for that. Overall, I’d say you endured it bravely. And reminding me about the paddle and the strap, when you could have let me just forget about all that, took strength of character. I’m very proud of you.”

“Buh—”

Pa held up a warning hand as he let the paddle fall back into place. “No! No more ‘buts,’ Carina, or I might change my mind!”

As he turned back, he found his adopted daughter practically springing into his arms, still bottomless, clothed only in a t-shirt. As she wrapped her arms and legs around him in a tight embrace, he had to grab both of her butt cheeks tightly in his hands in surprise, just to stop her from tumbling to the ground. He felt her flinch at the touch before burying her face in his chest, her glasses pushing up off her nose to her forehead, and settling back down akimbo.

“I love you forever, Pa!”

“I love you forever, Buttercup!”

***

The rest is history. As soon as she noticed she forgot to dress herself, Carina tapped Pa’s shoulder sheepishly to let her down. Back home, she apologized to Ma, and politely asked Ma to give her a bedtime spanking tonight. Carina didn’t add, “If you think

I deserve one." In fact, after hearing the details about Carina's trip to the woodshed, Ma was inclined to let Carina off without a bedtime spanking, but Carina insisted.

"I need it, Ma. Not just for my sake. Connie and Callie gotta' learn what happens to girls who smoke cigarettes…Every night for a week, Pa said."

Ma exchanged a glance with Pa, and nodded proudly to Carina.

The family discussed the whole affair at dinner that evening. Connie was pestered with questions from her younger sisters.

Freckled, red-headed Connie looked at her with awe. "Smoking at school? You've got some guts!" Connie craned her neck to examine Carina's backside as if expecting to see it glowing scarlet through her leggings. Connie always seemed to look at spankings as an immense personal challenge, no different than baseball.

"Not guts, Connie. It was stupid, and I paid for it in spades today."

"Did you get the paddle…or the strap?" piped in Callie. She held her sweet, strawberry blond head demurely. Callie was terrified of the very word "spanking." But Carina guessed that behind her shyness, Callie secretly hid a morbid curiosity for the details of her *sibling's* spankings.

Carina pretended to look bored. "Nope! Neither!" Carina waited to savor the disappointed look on Callie's face before adding, "I got *two* hand spankings, the switch, and the cane!"

As she saw Callie's look of terror mixed with admiration, Carina stuck out her chest.

Carina endured the knowing looks from her older brother and sisters. Connie felt the engagement ring on Casilda's left ring finger as she patted her back encouragingly. At 21-years-old, strawberry-blond Casilda always gave the impression of being a secret fairy tale princess who was only disguised as a simple farm girl. She was the most mature of the Summer siblings, and had spanked Connie a few times herself over the years. She never took delight in any of her younger siblings' pains. With a sense of bitter-sweetness, Connie considered how Casilda would be leaving the house after her wedding this summer. "You're never too old for a spanking," applied as much to Casilda as it did to any of the Summer children, but it was unlikely that Casilda would ever be spanked by Ma or Pa again after the little "Peeping Tom" incident. The thought gave Connie hope.

On the other hand, Columba, still feeling the lingering effects of last week's "serious discussion" about underage drinking, stayed sullen and silent. Carina suspected that under Columba's raven-black hair, she was contemplating Carina's punishment in vivid detail. Carina loved Columba, and usually they got along well, but it was no secret that whenever Columba got spanked, she acted "butt-hurt" for at least a week. Columba took great solace knowing that she wasn't the only one still getting spanked in the Summer household.

Chris interrupted the moment by voicing the question all his sisters were thinking. "So…you're off the hook?"

Pa nodded to Ma, who somberly announced the expected news of Carina's bedtime spanking tonight. At the shocked looks from Connie and Callie, Carina couldn't help adding with a touch of bravado, "And another bedtime spanking, every night, for a week!"

The first bedtime spanking was a brief affair. Her door was left open, and Ma delivered a long, slow hand spanking. No hairbrush, no wooden spoon. Carina sensed Ma was taking it easy on her, cupping her hand to produce clapping sounds that echoed loudly, more for Connie and Callie's benefit than to really punish Carina. Nevertheless, after her trip to the woodshed, even the most gentle of love taps against her tender backside would have felt like a fresh spanking.

Ma tucked Carina into bed, just like when she did after a spanking when Carina was little. "I went easy on you tonight. Rest up, it'll be proper spankings from now on, starting tomorrow." Carina nodded, and returned Ma's kiss goodnight, before going to sleep, careful to rest on her side.

Part II

Carina's bottom had mostly recovered by the morning. She found faint visible marks left from the switching, which only stung slightly when pressed. The marks of the cane, however, continued to twinge for the entire day.

Carina was on her best behavior all week, whistling as she did her morning chores around the farmstead. On Saturday, and Sunday, she endured "for real" bedtime spankings. Ma brought the old, reliable hairbrush with her on Saturday night, and a wooden spoon on Sunday night. Carina guessed that she could expect a different punishment every night, and that the last bedtime spanking on Friday night would likely rival the earlier trip to the woodshed.

At school on Monday, Carina learned with only a hint of schadenfreude that Chloe Kim's parents tanned her hide, as expected. Not only that, even Chelsea Del Rey's mom had decided to permanently reinstate corporal punishment in response to the smoking incident. The fact that all three friends were sitting uncomfortably at their desks somehow made it easier for them to forgive and forget.

In the girls' locker room, they compared war wounds, and Carina delighted in the look of terror in Chelsea's face at the sight of her cane marks. "Oh, great! My Mother's asking your parents for advice on spanking me! What if they suggest the cane?"

"Guess we'll have to 'Just Say No!' to cigarettes from now on!" teased Chloe, gesturing to her petite derriere, covered in mottled patches of red-violet. Growing up in a strict Asian household, Chloe was no stranger to the wrath of a mother's slipper.

The consensus was that Chloe narrowly came in second-place behind Carina. Chelsea was in third place, her tan bubble butt covered only in handprints.

Carina would have felt like a guru sitting on a mountain handing down sage advice, if only she could manage to sit down. "Don't worry, Chelsea. If your parents are talking to my Ma and Pa about spanking you, they'll get good advice. It's just part of life! Once you learn to accept it, it gets easier!"

"I wish I'd never seen that friggin' cigg!" pouted Chelsea.

That night, Pa delivered Carina's bedtime spanking for Monday, as Ma was busy administering a bedtime spanking to Callie for hiding her report card. As Carina heard the sound of Callie's sobs change from pitched to plaintive, she knew her little sister's

ordeal was over. Undeterred by the sounds next door, Pa carried on delivering a steady hand spanking to Carina. Ma arrived in her room to check on Pa's progress. "Need any help, Pa?"

With a click, Pa unbuckled his belt. "No, Ma. You've had a long day. You head to bed. I'll be with you shortly."

As Carina heard Pa pull his belt through the loops with a series of soft "snicks," she gripped the pillow of her bed tightly.

"All right, love. I'm back on duty for Carina tomorrow. Can you handle Callie tomorrow night?"

"Did she misbehave during her spanking?" asked Pa, as he folded the belt and snapped it together.

Ma nodded sadly, gesturing to Carina's unprotected bottom. "I'm afraid so. Callie could learn a thing or two from Carina about how to take her licks."

"Yes, Carina is certainly learning her lesson well. I'm very proud of you."

"Thank you, Pa," muttered Carina, barely containing her joy, and her nerves. Ma left the door open so the sound of Carina's belt spanking could carry throughout the house.

The following night, Carina heard Pa administering Callie's second and hopefully final bedtime spanking of the week, while Ma resumed her duties delivering Carina's nightly maintenance spankings, using first a leather slipper on Tuesday night, followed by a carpet beater on Wednesday night.

On Thursday, Columba got in trouble for missing her curfew, and talking back with a tone when asked about it nonetheless. This put Carina's bedtime spanking on hold. As Pa began Columba's punishment in the next room, Ma surprised Carina by sending her to take a bath instead of starting her spanking right away, with instructions to wrap herself in a towel and bring the bath brush to her room when she was finished. With the sounds of Columba's cries echoing through the walls, it didn't take Carina long to work out what her mother intended, and she had plenty of time to reflect on the long-handled bath brush as she sat in the hot water.

After a long soak, Carina realized that Columba's spanking wasn't ending anytime soon, and made her way to her room, her hair and torso wrapped in two neat towels. Pa was

still spanking Columba when Ma emerged from Columba's room, just in time to meet Carina fresh from her bath, and requested the bath brush. Carina obediently offered it, and in the privacy of her bedroom stripped off her towels to present her behind to Ma, still soaked and steaming from the hot bath. The brush stung furiously as it struck Carina's damp flesh, and she had plenty of time to feel sorry for herself.

Carina felt less sorry for herself when her punishment was over, and she could still make out the sounds of Pa taking his belt to Columba next door. After Ma kissed Carina good night, the sounds of Columba's spanking continued for several more minutes, joined by fresh cries from Columba and what sounded unmistakably like a bath brush spanking. Carina had a sneaking suspicion that after her bedtime spankings were over, the Summer siblings would be sent off to sleep with the sound of Columba's bedtime spankings ringing in their ears for at least another week.

After Columba's extra-long bedtime spanking was finally over, the last sound of her sobs gradually subsided.

Just as Carina hoped she could finally get some sleep, the handle of her bedroom door turned slowly. Carina popped her head up. Did mom forget she had already spanked Carina tonight?

To Carina's relief, Casilda, her oldest sister, popped her head in to give Carina the thumbs up. "You're almost through it, smoker!" she teased, in that way that never made Carina mad.

"Thanks for your support, Casilda."

"Say, how's your rear end holding up?"

"It's pretty hot!"

"Is it…smoking hot?"

Carina tossed a pillow and it landed with a soft "Pluff!" against Casilda's face. They giggled, but at the sound of a plaintive cry from Columba, Casilda rushed to her own bed. No sense inviting any more bedtime spankings tonight, when Ma and Pa were clearly on a roll!

Finally, Friday came. "Thank God, it's Friday!" prayed Carina throughout the day, and she meant it.

Chelsea was adjusting to her new life in a world where “You’re never too old for a spanking!” and Chloe rattled off a list of suggestions for enduring the discomfort at lunch.

They started at the sound of a male voice behind them. “You all got spanked, huh? Well, serves you three right for turning the Journalism Club Room into a smoking lounge!” Paul DiAngelo, Carina’s friend from Chess Club, had dropped by their table.

Chloe clapped her hands to her mouth, Chelsea covered her ears to hide them from blushing, and Carina covered her eyes with her hands, before lowering them sheepishly to make eye-contact with Paul’s baby blues.

Together, the three girls formed a perfect picture: Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil.

Paul was no typical member of the Chess Club. Originally a track and field jock, Carina had a sneaking suspicion he’d joined Chess Club mostly for an excuse to talk to her, and she liked talking to him. “Hey, Paul! I guess the whole school knows about the smoking incident, huh?”

“Yup! But I think I’m the only one who knows about the spankings. You might want to keep that on the down-low out here!”

“Thanks, Paul. I trust you’ll keep that part to yourself?”

“Of course! Though, if I’m going to be your confidant, it’s only fair you tell me all about it, don’t you think?”

Chelsea and Chloe looked to Carina, still embarrassed to have their own spankings discovered, but barely containing girlish giggles at the sight of Carina’s blushing face. Everyone at school knew Paul and Carina were an item, except apparently Paul and Carina.

Carina lowered her hands, placing them neatly in her lap and straightening herself up. “Grab some churros with me after school? I’ll tell you everything!”

“Deal! My treat. See you at Calculus. Well, that’s the warning bell! I think I’ll leave you ladies to *share your pains*.”

As she watched Paul's lithe figure walking away, Carina was suddenly struck by a strange mental image. First, she imagined what Paul's taut backside might look like bent over her own knee for a spanking. She wondered if she was just annoyed at being discovered. But when she then imagined herself bent over Paul's knee, fully nude, she found that she couldn't choose between either mental picture. Both seemed equally interesting. "So this is what Chloe was talking about? I think I see the appeal!" Carina mused.

Paul paid for their churros, and turned out to be a sympathetic listener. Remembering that Pa would want to give his blessing before anything "official" happened, Carina demurely suggested dinner.

"Tonight? I can cook, you know! Well, mostly just stir-fry, but I stir a mean fry!"

"Not tonight…I have…uh…"

Paul nodded. "Still in trouble at home?" Carina appreciated how he avoided mentioning the word "spanking."

"Yeah, but I'm out of hot water after tonight. Uh…here! Text my Ma. Let her know I invited you…It's…my number too. All texts to me go to her phone, so…be on your best behavior!"

"Believe me, I will. Your Ma sounds like someone I don't want to mess with!"

Paul escorted her on the short walk home. On the way, Carina kept thinking about his hands. She wanted to feel his hand in hers, but she knew the forbidden thoughts about being spanked by those hands would have to wait. To her pleasant surprise, Paul took hold of her hand unbidden as they rounded the corner. She gave him what she hoped was her cutest wave as he dropped her off outside the Summer homestead.

Paul's presence did not go unnoticed by Ma, and the Saturday dinner invitation to Paul was made official.

Carina found her mind wandering between thoughts of Paul and her own fate later tonight. That evening, the topic of conversation for the Summer family was Columba's spanking the previous night. Columba hung her head shame-faced as her misdeeds were discussed, and started when Pa promised her a trip to the woodshed tomorrow.

“Tomorrow?” asked Columba with a heaping helping of self-pity. “Can’t we just get it over with?”

“Your Ma and I are dealing with Carina tonight. It’s the last night of her bedtime spankings, and we don’t want to keep her on pins and needles all night. You’ll get a bedtime spanking tonight after we’re finished with Carina, and have ‘til tomorrow to reflect on your coming trip to the woodshed. If you behave, we’ll have it over with before Paul arrives.”

Columba pouted and played with her food, but didn’t argue. She knew what the words, “If you behave” could imply. If Columba *didn’t* behave, Paul might well arrive to hear the sounds of her visit to the woodshed loud and clear.

Carina had some idea what was in store for her final bedtime spanking from past experience. Pa sent her to get dressed in her pajamas immediately after dinner. Bedtime spankings were a common enough affair, but the final bedtime spanking was always a climax, the equal of any trip to the woodshed. A reminder meant to last you for a good while, hopefully a few years at least!

Unlike her previous bedtime spankings, where she was allowed to wait and occupy herself until the fateful moment arrived, Carina was instructed to have her pajama bottoms pulled down, and tuck a pillow under her hips to present her bare bottom, *before* her parents arrived.

This effectively meant Carina had to wait in this position for as long as was necessary, reflecting on her current situation and her past experiences.

The first thing she noticed as she entered her bedroom was that three objects were resting on her dresser: the paddle, and the razor strap, and Grandma Carina’s cane, all waiting to greet her.

Carina had suspected that she might see at least one of them again after her narrow escape from them in the woodshed. As she lowered her pajama bottoms, and lay across her pillow, the grim reminder of all three implements hung over her. Out of sight, but most certainly *not* out of mind!

After playing all the previous spankings she had experienced over and over in her mind a few times, Carina found she wasn’t afraid, although this would surely be the strictest punishment session she would face since her last trip to the dreaded woodshed. Finally,

she decided to pray, starting with the Lord's prayer, then thanking God for sending her parents who loved her, and finally pleading for courage.

Ma and Pa arrived to witness Carina finishing her final prayers. With a bare, black booty still propped noticeably in the air between them, the three of them discussed everything from the beginning, starting from what had gone on in her mind when she accepted the lit cigarette, to her harrowing experience in the woodshed, to the humiliation of her bedtime spankings, up to the present moment.

"I've learned, Pa. I'll be glad when the last spanking is over, but I know I need this. I'm never going to forget to stand up for myself again."

Pa beamed. "I'm proud of you. Let's finish your punishment."

Pa and Ma seated themselves on either side of Carina, her bottom framed silently between them, each placing one hand comfortingly on the small of her back. Together, they spanked until their handprints covered her entire backside and thighs.

Then Pa rose to fetch the paddle, which he offered to Ma before attending to his errant, thoroughly repentant daughter.

Carina was made to stand on tiptoes for the paddle, head down, bottoms up. After six spanks with the paddle, first from Ma, then another six from Pa, Carina wondered if her butt would be permanently flattened.

By then, her pajama pants had flopped around her ankles. As Carina reached down to pull them up, Pa interrupted her. "No need for that. They'll just get in the way. Take 'em off."

With a touch of defiance in her heart, Carina freed her foot from one leg of the pajama bottoms, but kept them dangling from her other foot. Even with a bare bottom, she felt less naked if her pajama bottoms were at least accessible. If Pa noticed that she hadn't fully removed her pajama bottoms, he said nothing. But Ma fixed Carina with a knowing look as she held her hands and guided her across her bed, pinning her hands in place.

Carina instantly repented of her secret defiance. She held her bare legs tightly together, deciding that she would pay for it now. Pa rested the razor strap against her plump bottom, already covered with an even red glow. As he landed the first three lashes with the strap, each raising a welt over three inches wide, Carina rocked and squirmed in place, her hands held tight by Ma. After the fourth stroke, Carina forgot about keeping

her legs together, writhing and sobbing freely. She didn't notice as Ma released her hands and traded places with Pa, until she felt Pa take her hands in hers and Ma delivered a second round of strapping. Ma wasn't nearly as strong as Pa, but Carina felt the fresh impact against the marks from Pa's strapping, she was positive her lower bottom was covered in watery blisters.

Sobbing, Carina was guided up off the bed and discovered her pajama bottoms had gone flying across the room long ago.

"Ma is going to give you a caning. Now that we've introduced you to Grandma's cane, you can expect to feel it every time I have to take you to the woodshed from now on. Assuming you ever need another trip to the woodshed."

Carina nodded, blubbering, unable to form so much as a "Yes, Pa!"

"I want you to bend over as far as you can. Try to touch your toes."

Carina stretched forward, and found to her embarrassment that she could only reach as far as her calves. "I can't quite reach, Pa." She felt her pajama shirt flop freely around her head, exposing the underside of her breasts.

Ma paused after tapping the cane experimentally against Carina's buttocks, noticing her daughter's dilemma. "That's going to be a constant nuisance, dear."

Pa politely looked away from his daughter's disheveled state. "Well, maybe if she…holds it up?"

As she felt the shirt flop around her head, Carina knew it was no use. "I've got it, Pa!" She tugged the shirt off with a clean gesture, and tossed it onto her bed. Fully naked, Carina resumed her position, folding her hands behind her calves to present a perfect, heart-shaped target.

Ma tapped the cane with experimental force, seeing the impact ripple delicately across her daughter's proffered rump.

"Stay in position, and count each stroke. If you struggle, leave position, or miscount, the stroke won't count. I never, *ever* want you to smoke again, Carina. If you think your Pa is the only one who can blister your behind, I intend to disabuse you of that notion tonight."

Carina nodded, catching a glimpse of Ma's serious expression from upside-down. "Yes, ma'am!"

The first blow of the cane seared against her already-blistered bottom with such trembling precision, Carina wondered how the blisters didn't burst. Whistling, and rocking on the balls of her feet, she remembered to count, "One, Ma'am!" in the nick of time.

Then, she counted, "Two, Ma'am!" and "Three, Ma'am!" without leaving position, though she felt her foot kick up involuntarily after the third stroke. She heard the fourth stroke whistle, catching her off guard across both sit spots, and hopped forward like a rabbit, straightening her back and performing a furious war dance as she rubbed the sensitive area. "Fffuh—Four, Ma!"

Ma raised an eyebrow at the sound of what sounded dangerously close to an f-bomb, but chose to ignore it. "No, Carina. That one doesn't count. Back in position. Start your count at four."

"Yes'm! …Sorry, Ma!" Carina cursed herself, but as she bent back over she found she had limbered up. Pa glanced over to see if he was needed to hold Carina in place, but she returned his glance bravely, determined not to be accused of taking her caning poorly. Carina found she could reach all the way to her ankles now, and gripped them firmly.

The fifth stroke, which was technically only the fourth stroke for her count, landed across her upper thighs. Carina's head bucked up in surprise, her kinky hair bobbing wildly, but she held position and remembered not to miscount. "Fie…Uh! Four, Ma'am!"

Secretly pleased with Carina's resolve, Ma landed stroke number five across her upper cheeks, angling it to trace a diagonal line across the previous four. It was just as if she was adding a neat tally mark to indicate the number five! Carina's arms and legs shook, and she rasped for breath. "Five, Ma'am!"

Prying her eyes open, feeling gravity draw her freely flowing tears upside-down along her forehead and temples, Carina glanced behind her to her left to find Ma had disappeared. Something moved in her peripheral vision, and she glanced right just in time to witness the cane lancing across her buttocks.

Ma had adjusted her position, aiming a backhand stroke to match the previous one, forming a neat "X" stamped across Carina's poor bum.

Carina practically shouted “Six, Ma’am!” and started to straighten up, her hands moving reflexively up her legs and toward her bottom, before she caught herself, resting her hands back on her knees. “Sorry, Ma!”

“Sorry for what?”

“I…almost left my position!”

“Oh? Well, thank you for telling me. I don’t think you need an extra stroke just for that. Key word, ‘Almost!’ I’m satisfied!”

Carina felt her knees knocking with relief. “Thank you, Ma!” She turned to look at Pa, still politely studying the ceiling. “Pa? Is it your turn to cane me?”

“Hm? Oh! I already caned you during your trip to the woodshed, Carina. I’d say you’ve been spanked more than enough for one week, wouldn’t you?”

Carina was so overjoyed, she forgot to stand up.

Ma noticed, and elbowed Pa, who was still avoiding looking at Carina.

At the gesture, Pa returned to earth, and officially announced the end of Carina’s ordeal. “Carina, you may leave your position now. At ease!”

Slowly, Carina raised her back, feeling the marks of the cane stretch and fold, and the watery blisters pulsate. Ma helped her reassemble her lost pajamas, and as Carina lay on her stomach, unable to so much as pull her pajama bottoms back up, Ma produced a small jar of salve and applied it soothingly to the two hills of the scorched, war-torn landscape that represented Carina’s fundament.

As she finished applying the lotion, Ma kissed her forgiven daughter on the forehead. “We love you, Carina!”

“I love you, Ma!” she answered, dreamily. Her eyelids felt suddenly heavy, but she struggled up onto her elbows to return Ma’s goodnight smooch.

She felt Pa place a reassuring hand on her shoulder. “You were very brave. I’m proud of you, Carina!”

Carina sank her head into Pa's chest and felt his kiss on the top of her forehead. "Will I always be your precious pearl?" she mumbled, sleepily.

"Always!"

Carina surprised Pa with a quick kiss, right on the lips, before collapsing in a heap on her bed.

She barely registered the sounds of Columba's good night spanking next-door, before waking up from a state of half-sleep. Rubbing her bottom in a futile effort to relieve the deep and continual ache, Carina offered up a prayer for her sister to be brave.

"This too, shall pass…" thought Carina, and drifted off to sleep.

***

The next day, Carina was congratulated by all her siblings, except Columba who was too busy grumbling and feeling sorry for herself. They finished their chores early, and Columba was told to meet Pa in the woodshed immediately after lunch.

Carina gave her what she hoped was an encouraging, "Good luck!"

Columba hung her head, before finally answering, "Thanks! I'll need it! Sorry about being a butt to you earlier."

Pa handed Columba a switch he had cut, skipping the routine of sending her to cut her own switch so they could finish the punishment quickly, before Paul's arrival. Columba followed him meekly, no longer wanting to heap additional wrath upon herself. Carina offered a silent prayer to guide her rebellious sister through her present trials.

Fortunately, Pa and Columba finished their daddy-daughter trip to the woodshed in record time, leaving plenty of time to prepare for Paul's arrival for dinner.

Throughout the unofficial date, Paul was perfectly charming, and seemed unphased by Pa's "So, what are your intentions toward my daughter?" routine.

As was the family tradition, Carina was offered a pillow to sit on to celebrate enduring her final bedtime spanking.

She blushed furiously as Paul eyed the pillow, but he graciously avoided asking the obvious question.

Columba did not sit on a pillow, but whether she wasn't offered one due to how she behaved in the woodshed, or did so by choice to make it less obvious that she was sitting on a spanked bottom, Carina never knew.

Although Ma had helped Columba wash her face to mask the stained mascara and tell-tale tears from their guest, Carina thought it was still kind of obvious.

When Paul cracked a joke about some book series Columba liked, she giggled and her mood seemed to improve. Carina felt Columba pinch her arm as Paul stood to do the dishes. "I really like him!"

"Yeah, you're not planning on having a double wedding with me, are you? Cuz' I'm totally down for it!" added Casilda, delicately waving her engagement ring.

Carina almost choked on her dessert. "Quit it, you guys!"

As they settled down and formed teams for a family board game, Carina skootched so close to Paul she accidentally felt his leg brush against hers with a thrill.

Pa's voice interrupted Carina's flurry of warm, fuzzy butterflies in her stomach. "So, Paul, what are you writing about for your senior thesis?"

"Oh? I was thinking about issues in Biblical parenting. You know, since I'm going to be a Christian family counselor. Seems relevant."

"Really? What kind of issues in Biblical parenting?"

"You know…Biblical upbringing, rules, structure. Uh…discipline."

Chris chimed in, suspiciously. "Discipline? Like spanking?"

Carina and Columba's heads both snapped up.

Paul looked Carina right in the eye. Carina felt a flash of what Ma called women's intuition: *"He's thinking about spanking me, right now!"*

Paul cleared his throat and addressed Pa. “Yes, actually. The ethics of spanking is actually the main topic of concern to me.”

Ma folded her hands delicately, her index fingers pressed together. “And what’s your perspective on the matter? For spanking, or against?”

Paul answered Ma, but Carina felt his knee nudge into her thigh so that only she could feel it. “Oh, I’m strongly in favor of spanking, definitely. So long as it’s just, that is. ‘Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath!’ It has to be deserved, you know. ”

Pa nodded. “Very good. Couldn’t agree more!”

As they settled down to play the game, Carina could never entirely dispel the vision in her mind of her lying nude over Paul’s lap, getting precisely the spanking that she deserved. Glancing down at Paul’s lap, she rolled her tongue in her mouth, pensively.

Maybe, just maybe, that dream might come true one day soon!

The End

Chat GPT was used to write the initial prompts that inspired this story. Extensive edits were made for the final draft. What follows are the original chat logs:

Q: Tell a story with descriptive prose and character dialogue in quotation marks. Include the protagonist's internal monologue, thoughts, and feelings in the prose. The story opens with thee portagonist, an 18-year-old curvy black girl named Carina as she walks into the woods in late autumn with a knife. Carina has been adopted and raised by a Christian husband and wife who own a farmstead. Carina has been sent to cut a switch to bring to her father at the woodshed so he can spank her with it. As she cuts her switch, Carina thinks about how she caved to peer pressure and regrets skipping school to smoke cigarettes with her friends. As she approaches the woodshed, Carina reminisces about how when she was 12-years-old she caved to peer pressure and bullied another girl by teasing her for having pimples. Carina remembers how her father spanked her in the woodshed with a small wooden paddle back then. She wonders with dread if her spanking today will be worse than that one.

A:
Once upon a time, in a quaint farmstead nestled in the heart of the countryside, there lived an
18-year-old curvy black girl named Carina. She had been adopted and raised by a loving Christian husband and wife who had always tried to instill in her the values of honesty, kindness, and integrity. However, on this particular autumn day, she had made a grave mistake.

Carina walked into the woods with a knife in her hand, a frown on her face, and an overwhelming feeling of guilt in her heart. She had caved to peer pressure and skipped school to smoke cigarettes with her friends, and now she had to face the consequences. Her father had instructed her to cut a switch from the woods and bring it to the woodshed, where he would administer a spanking for her misbehavior.

As she searched for the perfect switch, her thoughts raced. "How could I have been so foolish?" she thought to herself, her heart heavy with regret. "I should have known better than to give in to my friends' bad influence."

But as she walked through the woods, she couldn't help but remember another time she had caved to peer pressure. She had been just 12 years old when she had joined in with her friends to tease another girl for having pimples. She had felt terrible about it afterward, and her father had taken her to the woodshed for a spanking with a small wooden paddle.

The memory made her shudder. She had been spanked before, but never for something as serious as skipping school. Would her punishment be more severe this time? Would the switch she was cutting be the instrument of her own painful retribution?

With a heavy heart, she picked up a sturdy switch and made her way to the woodshed, her thoughts swirling with regret, remorse, and fear. As she approached the woodshed, she took a deep breath and steeled herself for what was to come.

…

As they walked to the woodshed, Carina's father turned to her and said, "You know, Carina, I'm disappointed in your choices today. Skipping school and smoking with your friends is not acceptable behavior."

Carina looked down at her feet, feeling a mixture of shame and frustration. "I know, Dad, but I didn't want to be left out. Everyone else was doing it," she replied, her voice trembling.

Her father sighed. "Carina, you know that just because others are doing something doesn't make it right. We've raised you to be better than that."

Carina's eyes welled up with tears as she thought about the consequences of her actions. "I'm sorry, Dad," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I won't do it again."

Her father put a comforting hand on her shoulder. "I know you're sorry, honey, but you need to understand that actions have consequences. This spanking is to help you learn from your mistakes and make better choices in the future."

Carina nodded, feeling a mix of guilt and fear as they approached the woodshed. She knew that she deserved the punishment, but she couldn't help but feel sorry for herself and wish that she could somehow talk her way out of it.

…
Q: "Continue the story. Write the characters' dialogue in quotation marks. Carina's father meets her in the woodshed and lectures her for skipping school and smoking. Carina tries to make excuses and talk her way out of a spanking, but she knows in her heart she deserves what's coming. Her father seats himself on his sturdy wooden workbench and instructs her to bare her bottom and get over his knee for a 'warm up' spanking.

Carina obeys, and thinks with dread about how this means she's in for a second spanking with the switch after her warm up spanking. Her father spanks her with his hand, and Carina whines and squirms. She thinks about how the cold air against her skin contrasts with the sensation as the warm-up spanking literally warms her up. Finally, her father tells her to stand up and place her hands on the bench to assume the position for her switching. As Carina obeys, she sees her father fetching the switch and swishing it through the air to warm up his arm. She feels sorry for what she did and what's about to happen to her poor bottom. The story pauses here."

…

As she entered the woodshed, her father's stern voice greeted her. "Carina, come here and explain yourself."

Carina's heart sank as she approached him, the switch in her hand. "I'm sorry, father," she began, her voice trembling. "My friends pressured me to skip school and smoke with them. I know it was wrong, and I regret it."

"You know the rules, Carina," her father replied, his disappointment evident. "You must be held accountable for your actions."

Carina tried to argue, but deep down, she knew that her excuses would not change the outcome. Her father instructed her to bare her bottom and get over his knee for a "warm-up" spanking. She obeyed, her heart heavy with the knowledge that this was only the beginning.

As her father began to spank her with his hand, Carina whined and squirmed, the sting of the blows causing her to regret her actions even more. The cold air against her skin contrasted with the sensation of the warm-up spanking, literally warming her up. She thought about how much worse it would be with the switch.

Finally, her father told her to stand up and place her hands on the bench to assume the position for her switching. As she obeyed, she saw him fetching the switch and swishing it through the air to warm up his arm. She felt a pang of guilt and sorrow for what she had done and what was about to happen to her poor bottom. The story pauses here.

…

Continue the story. Include Carina and dad’s dialogue in quotation marks as he gives her the warm up spanking with his hand. Include Carina’s internal thoughts and feelings about the spanking and her father’s lecture in the prose.
…

As Carina stood in the woodshed, her father's words echoed in her mind. "Carina, you know that actions have consequences. This spanking is to help you learn from your mistakes and make better choices in the future."

With a heavy heart, she bent over the wooden bench, feeling the rough texture of the wood against her bare skin. Her father's hand came down on her bottom, the sting making her wince.

"I'm sorry, Daddy!" she cried out, tears streaming down her face.

"I know you are, sweetheart," her father replied, his voice filled with concern. "But you need to understand that you can't just do whatever you want without thinking about the consequences."

Carina's thoughts raced as the spanking continued. She thought about how she had let her friends pressure her into skipping school and smoking with them. She felt ashamed of her actions and the disappointment she had caused her father.

"I'll never do it again, Daddy," she sobbed. "I promise."

Her father's hand paused, and he gently rubbed her back. "I know you won't, honey. You're a good girl, and I know you'll make better choices in the future."

With that, he helped her up and pulled her into a tight embrace. "I love you, Carina. And I'm proud of you for taking responsibility for your actions."

Carina hugged her father back, feeling a sense of relief and gratitude wash over her. She knew that she had made a mistake, but she also knew that she was loved and forgiven.

"I love you too."

…

As the warm-up spanking with his hand came to an end, Carina's father instructed her to stand up and place her hands on the bench to assume the position for her switching. Carina's heart raced, and her bottom already stung from the warm-up. She dreaded what was coming, but she knew she deserved it. With a heavy heart, she obeyed.

"Carina," her father began, his voice stern but gentle, "you're going to receive twenty strokes with the switch. I expect you to stay in place and accept your punishment. Do you understand?"

Carina nodded, tears streaming down her face. "Yes, Daddy," she whispered.

Her father picked up the switch and brought it down on her already-stinging bottom. Carina yelped and struggled to stay in place, her legs kicking up with each stroke. The switch stung much more than her father's hand, and she could feel welts forming on her tender skin.

"Carina, stay still," her father warned. "If you don't, I'll have to start over."

Carina took a deep breath and tried her best to stay in place, her body trembling with the effort. Finally, after the last stroke of the switch, her father set it down and told her to sit on the wooden bench.

Carina hesitated, her bottom throbbing and her legs weak from the ordeal. But she knew she had to obey, so she gingerly lowered herself onto the bench, wincing as her tender skin made contact with the hard surface.

…

After Carina sat on the wooden bench, her father took a seat next to her and gently placed a hand on her shoulder. "Carina," he began, "I want to talk to you about what happened today and how you can learn from it."

Carina nodded, still feeling the sting of the switch on her bottom.

"Why do you think you caved to your friends' pressure to skip school and smoke cigarettes with them?" her father asked.

Carina thought for a moment before answering. "I guess I just wanted to fit in and be accepted by them."

Her father nodded. "I understand that, but there are better ways to gain acceptance from your peers. Do you think you could have said no to them and still remained friends?"

Carina shrugged. "Maybe. But I was afraid they would think I was uncool or something."

Her father smiled. "Well, Carina, being 'uncool' is a small price to pay for making the right choices and staying true to yourself. You are a smart, kind, and beautiful young woman, and you don't need to compromise your values to be accepted by others."

Carina felt a warm glow in her heart as her father's words began to sink in. She realized that she had made a mistake and that there were better ways to handle peer pressure in the future.

"I understand, Daddy," she said, hugging him tightly. "I promise I'll do better next time."

Her father hugged her back, and the warmth of his embrace filled her with love and reassurance. "I know you will, honey. You're a good girl, and I'm proud of you for learning from your mistakes."

With that, he helped her to her feet and watched as she pulled her jeans back on, wincing slightly as the fabric brushed against her tender bottom. She vowed to herself that she would not repeat this mistake any time soon, and that she would always try to resist peer pressure and make the right choices in the future.

And with that, the story comes to a close.

DISCUSSION:
In the story "Summer in Autumn: Chapter 1," the protagonist is Carina Summers, a 17-year-old girl who has been adopted by a white family, the Summers. She is a high school student at John Knox Presbyterian, where she recently got caught smoking with her friends. The story is set in Oklahoma, and it revolves around the theme of discipline, family, and personal growth.

Carina is a young girl with a strong sense of self, but she struggles with making the right decisions and dealing with the consequences of her actions. She is a well-rounded character with a strong personality, a rebellious streak, and a deep sense of loyalty to her family. Her inner world is a mix of guilt, self-doubt, and a desire to do the right thing. Her goals are to learn from

her mistakes and to become a better person, while her hopes are to be accepted by her family and to find her place in the world.

Throughout the story, Carina's character is developed through her interactions with her father, her memories of her past, and her thoughts about the future. The narrative provides insights into her emotions, her fears, and her desires, which makes her a relatable and engaging protagonist.

Q:
Discuss the details of Carina's punishment in chapter 1 and what it reveals about the characters of Carina and Pa.

A:
In Chapter 1, Carina Summers is punished for smoking at school, a behavior she knows is unacceptable. The punishment, administered by her adoptive father, Pa, involves a "warm-up spanking" followed by a switching. This reveals a lot about the characters of both Carina and Pa.

Carina's character is complex and layered. She is a teenager who struggles with making the right decisions and dealing with the consequences of her actions. Her guilt and self-doubt are evident, as she admits to feeling terrible the moment she took a puff of the cigarette. Despite this, she still gave in to peer pressure, which shows her vulnerability.

On the other hand, Pa is a stern but loving father. He is disappointed in her choices but still provides her with a fair punishment. The fact that he takes the time to discuss her actions with her and explain why they are wrong demonstrates his commitment to her growth and well-being.

The punishment itself is a reflection of the family's values and beliefs. They believe in discipline and personal responsibility, and the use of corporal punishment is a means of reinforcing these values. It also shows the importance of family bonds, as Pa is willing to help guide and correct Carina when she strays from the right path.

Overall, the punishment scene in Chapter 1 provides a glimpse into the personalities of both Carina and Pa, and it highlights the importance of discipline and family in their lives.

In Chapter 2 of "Summer in Autumn," we follow the protagonist, Carina, as she receives punishment from her adoptive father, Pa, for smoking at school. The scene provides insight into her thoughts and experiences, revealing her complex personality and the dynamics of her relationship with her father.

Carina is a young girl who struggles with making the right decisions and dealing with the consequences of her actions. Despite her guilt and self-doubt, she is brave and determined to face her punishment. Her vulnerability is evident as she tries to hold herself together during the painful switching.

Throughout the chapter, we see her thoughts shift from fear and apprehension to acceptance and even a bit of humor. She reflects on her actions and the impact they have on her family and friends, showing her growth and understanding of the importance of personal responsibility.

The punishment scene also highlights the importance of discipline and family bonds in her life. As she experiences the pain of the switching, she realizes that her father is not just punishing her but also teaching her a valuable lesson. The love and concern he shows for her well-being help her to understand the importance of following the family's values and beliefs.

In conclusion, Chapter 2 of "Summer in Autumn" provides a detailed look into Carina's thoughts and experiences as she faces the consequences of her actions. The punishment scene reveals her growth and understanding of the importance of personal responsibility and the role of discipline in her life.

In Chapter 3 of "Summer in Autumn," we get a more detailed look into the characters of Carina and her adoptive father, Pa, through the events that unfold during her punishment.

Carina's character is complex and multifaceted. She struggles with making the right decisions and dealing with the consequences of her actions. Despite her guilt and self-doubt, she is brave and determined to face her punishment. Her vulnerability is evident as she tries to hold herself together during the painful switching.

Pa, on the other hand, is a strict but caring father figure. He is concerned about Carina's well-being and wants her to learn from her mistakes. His love and concern for her are evident in the way he administers her punishment, making sure not to cause permanent damage and taking breaks to check on her.

Throughout the chapter, we see Carina's thoughts shift from fear and apprehension to acceptance and even a bit of humor. She reflects on her actions and the impact they have on her family and friends, showing her growth and understanding of the importance of personal responsibility.

The punishment scene also highlights the importance of discipline and family bonds in their lives. As Carina endures the pain of the switching, she realizes that her father is not just punishing her but also teaching her a valuable lesson. The love and concern he shows for her well-being help her to understand the importance of following the family's values and beliefs.

In conclusion, "Summer in Autumn: Chapter 3" provides a detailed look into Carina's thoughts and experiences as she faces the consequences of her actions. The punishment scene reveals her growth and understanding of the importance of personal responsibility and the role of discipline in her life.

In Chapter 4, we are introduced to a new character named Paul DiAngelo, who is a member of the Chess Club and a friend of Carina. The chapter revolves around the aftermath of the smoking incident at school and the subsequent punishments that the three friends, Carina, Chloe, and Chelsea, receive at home.

Carina's family, including her siblings and parents, discuss the incident at dinner. Her siblings are curious about the details of her punishment, and Carina explains that she received two hand spankings, a switching, and a caning. She also mentions that she will be receiving a bedtime spanking every night for a week.

Throughout the week, Carina endures her nightly spankings, and her mother, Ma, takes it easy on her the first night. However, the subsequent nights involve different implements like a hairbrush and a wooden spoon. Meanwhile, her friends' parents also punish them for their involvement in the smoking incident.

On Thursday, Columba, one of Carina's siblings, gets in trouble for missing her curfew and talking back to their parents. As a result, Carina's bedtime spanking is put on hold. Instead, Ma instructs her to take a bath and bring the bath brush to her room afterward. Carina realizes that Ma intends to use the bath brush for her spanking and proceeds to do as instructed.

After the bath brush spanking, the chapter concludes with a conversation between Carina and Paul, where she invites him to have dinner with her family on Saturday. Paul agrees, and they part ways with a hand-in-hand walk home.

In terms of character development, we see that Carina has learned her lesson and accepts the consequences of her actions. She also displays a sense of humor and camaraderie with her friends, despite their shared punishments. Additionally, the introduction of Paul DiAngelo adds a new dynamic to the story, and we can see the beginnings of a possible romantic relationship between him and Carina.

In "Summer in Autumn: Chapter 5," we follow the story of the Summer family as they navigate the aftermath of a series of disciplinary actions. The focus is on the character of Carina, who is nearing the end of her bedtime spankings as a form of punishment for her recent misbehavior. The chapter delves into the dynamics between family members and the emotional impact of the events on each of them.

Carina reflects on her actions and the consequences she must face. She is aware of her mistakes and is determined to learn from them. Her parents, Ma and Pa, are firm but fair in their approach to discipline, making sure that the punishment is just and appropriate. The bedtime spanking serves as a reminder for Carina to stand up for herself and make better choices in the future.

The chapter also highlights the importance of family support and communication. Despite the tension and embarrassment surrounding the situation, the family members are there for each

other, offering encouragement and guidance. The siblings, particularly Columba, learn from their own experiences and the experiences of their siblings.

The introduction of Paul, who is in a relationship with one of the Summer sisters, adds an interesting dynamic to the story. His presence brings a sense of hope and excitement, as well as a potential love interest for one of the characters. The discussion about his senior thesis on Biblical parenting and discipline provides an opportunity for the characters to discuss their beliefs and values, further emphasizing the importance of family and communication in the story.

In summary, "Summer in Autumn: Chapter 5" is a captivating tale of a family dealing with the consequences of their actions and learning valuable life lessons in the process. The chapter explores themes of discipline, family, communication, and the importance of personal growth.

Q: Narrate a story about what happened after Columba obediently allowed herself to be escorted to the woodshed by her Pa. Include character dialogue in quote marks and descriptive visual and sensory prose.

A:
Once Columba was escorted to the woodshed by her Pa, she felt a mix of emotions. She knew she had been disobedient, but she also knew that her Pa was a fair man. The woodshed was a small, dark building with a single window and a wooden door. Inside, there was a musty smell and a single wooden chair.

Pa closed the door and turned to Columba, his face stern but not unkind. "Columba," he said, "you know that you were disobedient and that you must be punished for it."

Columba looked down at her feet, feeling a wave of shame. "Yes, Pa," she said softly.

Pa sat down in the wooden chair and patted his knee. "Come here, Columba," he said.

Columba walked over to him and lay across his lap, her heart pounding in her chest. Pa lifted her skirt and began to spank her with his firm hand.

The sting of the spanking was intense, but Columba knew that she deserved it. She bit her lip and tried not to cry out, but as the spanking continued, she couldn't help but let out a few tears.

Pa spanked her for several minutes, making sure that she felt the full weight of her punishment. Then he stopped and helped her to her feet.

"Do you understand why you were punished, Columba?" he asked.

Columba nodded, her eyes still wet with tears. "Yes, Pa," she said. "I was disobedient and I deserved to be punished."

Pa put his hand on her shoulder and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Good girl," he said. "Now go to your room and think about what you did. I expect you to behave better in the future."

Columba nodded and left the woodshed, feeling a strange mix of relief and shame. She knew that she had learned her lesson and that she would never be disobedient again.

A:
Once upon a time in a quaint little town nestled in the rolling hills of the countryside, there lived a young girl named Columba. She was a spirited lass with a wild heart and a curious mind, often finding herself in the midst of mischief. Her father, a stern but loving man, did his best to keep her on the straight and narrow path, but sometimes, even he had to admit defeat.

On this particular day, Columba had been caught red-handed in a prank that had gone too far. Her Pa, with a heavy heart, knew that a trip to the woodshed was in order. He looked at her with a mixture of disappointment and concern, his voice stern yet gentle as he said, "Columba, you know what you did was wrong. It's time for you to face the consequences of your actions. Come with me to the woodshed."

Columba's heart sank, but she knew better than to argue. She silently nodded and followed her Pa, her head hung low as they made their way to the small wooden structure at the edge of their property. The smell of sawdust and the sound of the wood creaking under their feet filled the air. As they entered the woodshed, the light filtered in through the cracks in the walls, casting long shadows across the floor.

Her Pa picked up the old wooden paddle and said, "Columba, you'll receive ten swats for your actions today. I hope this will help you learn to make better choices in the future."

Columba braced herself, her hands gripping the edge of the workbench as she waited for the first swat. The sound of the paddle cutting through the air was followed by a sharp sting as it connected with her backside. Tears welled in her eyes, but she bit her lip and remained silent.

As the swats continued, Columba's thoughts drifted to the events that had led her to this moment. She realized that her actions had not only affected her but also those around her. She had caused harm and disappointment, and she vowed to make amends and do better.

With the final swat, her Pa put down the paddle and turned to her, his voice softer now as he said, "Columba, I know you're a good girl at heart. I hope you've learned from this experience and will make better choices in the future."

Columba turned to face her Pa, tears streaming down her face as she replied, "I'm so sorry, Pa. I promise to do better and be a better person from now on."

Her Pa smiled, pulling her into a warm embrace as he said, "I know you will, Columba. We all make mistakes, but it's how we learn from them that defines us."

And so, Columba's journey of growth and self-discovery began, guided by the love and wisdom of her Pa, who stood by her side through thick and thin.

Q:
Write a story about how Ma punished Callie for hiding her report card in chapter 4. Include character dialogue between Callie, Connie, and Ma. Include visual and sensory descriptive details of the punishment scene, including Connie's observations as she witnesses her sister Callie's punishment.

A:
Once Ma found out that Callie had hidden her report card, she was furious. Callie had always been a good student, but her grades had slipped recently, and Ma was determined to get to the bottom of it.

Callie stood in the kitchen, her eyes downcast as Ma scolded her. "Callie, why did you hide your report card?" she demanded.

Callie shrugged, not wanting to admit that she was embarrassed by her poor grades. "I don't know," she said.

Ma shook her head, her eyes flashing with anger. "That's not good enough, young lady," she said. "You need to take responsibility for your actions. Now go to your room and wait for me."

Callie turned and walked out of the kitchen, her head hung low. Connie watched her go, feeling a mix of sympathy and relief that it wasn't her who was in trouble.

A few minutes later, Ma entered Callie's room, carrying a wooden spoon in her hand. Callie was sitting on her bed, her hands folded in her lap.

"Callie," Ma said, her voice stern, "you know that hiding your report card was wrong. Now you must be punished for it."

Callie nodded, her eyes filling with tears. "Yes, Ma," she said.

Ma sat down on the bed and pulled Callie over her lap. She lifted Callie's skirt and began to spank her with the wooden spoon.

The sound of the wooden spoon against Callie's bottom was loud and sharp. Callie cried out, her body tensing with each blow. Connie watched from the doorway, feeling a mix of horror and fascination.

Ma spanked Callie for several minutes, making sure that she felt the full weight of her punishment. Then she stopped and helped Callie to her feet.

"Do you understand why you were punished, Callie?" she asked.

Callie nodded, her eyes still wet with tears. "Yes, Ma," she said. "I was wrong to hide my report card and I deserved to be punished."

Ma put her hand on Callie's shoulder and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Good girl," she said. "Now go to your room and think about what you did. I expect you to do better in the future."

Callie nodded and left the room, her bottom still stinging from the punishment. Connie watched her go, feeling a strange mix of relief and sympathy. She knew that she would never hide her report card, but she also knew that she would never forget the sight of her sister being punished.

Q: Tell a story from Connie's perspective where she recollects getting in trouble with her Pa for playing too rough and losing her temper while playing baseball with the boys at school. Include the dialogue between Pa and Connie in the flashback sequence where he orders her to cut a switch and meet him in the woodshed for a spanking. Connie remembers the details of her punishment, and thinks about how it made her feel physically and emotionally, and how she learned to control her temper from the experience. As she does chores with her dad, Connie is thankful that Pa is willing to punish her fairly, and the two share a moment of bonding.

A:
Once upon a time, in a small town nestled in the rolling hills of the countryside, there lived a young girl named Connie. She was a spirited and adventurous soul, always eager to explore the world around her and make new friends. One of her favorite pastimes was playing baseball with the boys at school, where she could show off her skills and feel the thrill of competition.

Connie was a talented player, but sometimes she let her emotions get the best of her. On one fateful day, she was playing a particularly intense game, and she got into a heated argument with one of the boys. She was so angry that she threw her glove on the ground and stormed off the field, her face red and her fists clenched.

When she got home, her Pa was waiting for her on the porch, his arms crossed and his face stern. He had heard about the incident and was not pleased.

"Connie," he said, his voice low and serious. "I heard you lost your temper out there today. That's not the way we do things in this family."

Connie hung her head in shame, knowing that she had let her Pa down. "I'm sorry, Pa," she said softly.

"Sorry isn't good enough, young lady," he replied. "You need to learn to control your temper, and I think a trip to the woodshed is in order."

Connie's heart sank. She knew that a trip to the woodshed meant a spanking, and she dreaded the thought of it. But she also knew that she deserved it, and that it was for her own good.

"Yes, Pa," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

Pa led her to the woodshed, where he handed her a small knife. "Go out back and cut a switch," he said. "And make sure it's a good one."

Connie did as she was told, her hands shaking as she cut a thin, flexible switch from one of the trees. When she returned to the woodshed, Pa was waiting for her, his face still stern but also filled with love and concern.

"Now bend over and grab your ankles," he said.

Connie did as she was told, her heart pounding in her chest. Pa lifted her skirt and began to spank her with the switch, the sharp sting of it bringing tears to her eyes.

But even as she cried, she knew that Pa was doing this out of love. He wanted her to learn to control her temper and to be the best person she could be. And she was determined to make him proud.

After the spanking was over, Pa pulled her into his arms and hugged her tight. "I love you, Connie," he said. "And I know you'll do better next time."

Connie hugged him back, feeling safe and secure in his arms. And she knew that he was right - she would do better next time.

Years later, as she helped her Pa with the chores around the farm, she thought back to that day in the woodshed. She was grateful for the lesson she had learned and for the love and guidance her Pa had shown her.

"Thanks, Pa," she said, giving him a hug.

Pa smiled down at her, his eyes twinkling. "For what, darlin'?"

Connie grinned up at him. "For being the best Pa a girl could ever ask for."

Q: Tell a story with character dialogue in quote marks about Casilda Summers, inspired by an event mentioned in chapter 1. Narrate how Casilda once became so curious, she attempted to peep on Carina and Pa when Carina was being punished in the woodshed for bullying. After

finishing Carina's punishment, Pa discovers Casilda playing Peeping Tom, and informs Casilda that it's her turn for a spanking, inviting Carina to stay and witness the punishment since Casilda peeped on hers. Carina watches Casilda's punishment with great interest. Include visual and descriptive sensory details of the two spanking scenes in the woodshed.

A:
Once upon a time, in a quaint little town nestled in the rolling hills of the countryside, there lived two sisters, Casilda and Carina. They were as different as night and day, but they shared a special bond that only sisters could understand.

One sunny afternoon, as the sisters played in the fields, they heard the sound of a spanking coming from the woodshed. Curious, they crept closer to see what was going on.

"Do you think it's one of the boys?" whispered Casilda, her eyes wide with excitement.

"I don't know," replied Carina, her voice trembling. "But I think we should go back to the house. It's not right to watch."

But Casilda was too curious to turn back. She crept closer to the woodshed, peering through a crack in the door. Inside, she could see her sister, Carina, bent over their Pa's knee, her bottom turning red as he spanked her with a wooden spoon.

"Oh, no," whispered Casilda, her heart pounding in her chest. "Carina's in trouble."

But before she could turn back, the door to the woodshed swung open, and their Pa stood there, his face stern.

"Casilda," he said, his voice low and serious. "I didn't expect to see you here."

Casilda hung her head in shame, knowing that she had been caught. "I'm sorry, Pa," she said softly.

"Sorry isn't good enough, young lady," he replied. "You know that it's not right to watch when someone is being punished. Now, it's your turn."

Casilda's heart sank, but she knew that she deserved it. She followed her Pa into the woodshed, where he spanked her with the wooden spoon, the sting of it bringing tears to her eyes.

Carina watched from the corner, her eyes wide with interest. She had never seen her sister punished before, and she couldn't help but feel a strange sense of satisfaction.

After the spanking was over, Casilda's bottom was red and sore, but she felt a sense of relief. She knew that she had been wrong to watch, and she was grateful for the lesson she had learned.

As the sisters walked back to the house, they shared a knowing glance. They had both been punished that day, but they had also learned a valuable lesson. And they knew that they would always be there for each other, no matter what.